# The ANSVVER to the Buxome VIRGIN

OR,

## *The Farmer well-fitted, for slighting his first Love Honest* Joan.

When Men can be so false as he,
And Waver with the Wind,
I do protest, I do not jest,
They're fitted in their kind.

To the Tune of, *The Country-Farmer*, Or, *The Buxome Virgin.*

THe Country Farmer is now undone,
He knoweth not whether to go or run,
Now into a snare he is thus betray'd,
By marrying with Gillian the buxome maid:
As true as we are in this place,
Within the term of two months space,
She made him a sorrowful sower face,
That Nedde was in a most woeful case.

And just in the middle of all the night,
She put him into a most fearful fright,
Her pittiful groans and sorrowful cryes,
Compell'd the Farmer at length to rise:
Then slipping on his shooes and hose,
Carelessly putting on his cloaths,
Straits in a hurry away he goes,
Called per mother, then straight she arose.

O what is the matter my son said she,
You call in a hurry so hastily,
Nay marry quoth Ned, I do not know
Your daughter hath fill'd my heart with woe,
With woful groans and dismal cryes,
My senses all she did surprize,
So that at the length I was forc'd to rise,
But what is the matter I cannot devise.

When she had considered of what he said,
She posted away and no time delay'd,
The Old woman was in a woful touze,
And trotting away to her Daughters house,
But coming there, she knew full well,
As I to you the truth may tell,
That Gillian had been too oft at the Mill,
And that was the cause of her falling ill.

Those Millers, quoth she, are such pompered blades
Thus doing, they ruine poor harmless maids,
I think there is hardly one in ten,
That can be reputed right honest men:
There is Robin, Ralph, and lusty Will,
All knavry Blades of wanton skill
That never maid can go to the Mill,
But they will be kissing and courting still.

But why should we tattle and talk of this,
She is not the first that hath done amiss,
Go fetch the Midwife and call the Nurse,
Come come my dear Son it is well it's no worse:
The Farmer he Saddled bonny Rone,
And Rid full speed five miles alone,
Then sighing and sobbing, and making moan,
He wish'd he had never forsaken Joan.

But after the trouble was o're and past,
A Chopping knave Boy she enjoy'd at last,
But Nedde at this his stomach it rises,
To Father the Brat that was none of his:
Said they the Calf must with the Cow,
Both Law and reason doth allow,
Therefore my dear son be contented now,
In time he may come to drive the Plow.

This being consider'd, he soon was kind,
Though he at the first was disturb'd in mind,
Then putting an end to the whole dispute,
He gave his sweet Gillian a kind salute:
To Father it he will not fail,
O now appears a pleasant gale,
When they with the Farmer did thus prevail,
They drank up full brimmers of Nappy Ale.

The Women and he they were all agree'd,
To Christen the bantling now with speed,
Then straight for the business they prepare,
The Names of the Gossips I will declare,
The one was Edwards Cousen Phill,
The other jolly bouncing Nell,
And Roger the Miller of Holeton-Dell,
So this being over, then all was well.

FINIS.

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